



APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY



# Dennis The MENACE

No. 36

10¢



# Dennis THE MENACE



"Boy! That's MY kind of a house!"



"HEY! CAME OFF IN THE WATER AND DROWNED!"

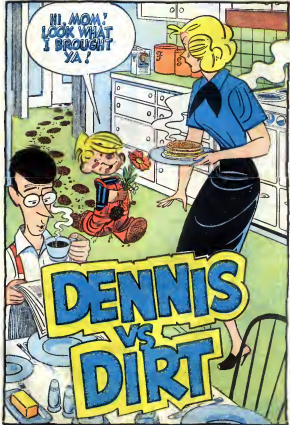


"HOW CAN I HAVE A GOOD TIME IF YOU'RE GONNA COUNT MY NOT DOING IT?"



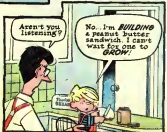
"I'M NO FUN! HAH! WISE N' GEEK! WHY MR. WISDOM HE DON'T! BASH 'EM! TRY TO FIND ME!"

HI, MOM!  
LOOK WHAT  
I BROUGHT  
YA!



# DENNIS VS. DIRT



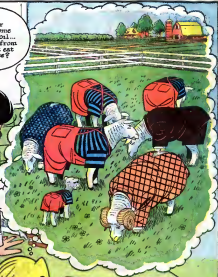




**NOW, PAY  
ATTENTION!**  
See this chair?  
**THAT** came from  
the soil, too, be-  
cause it came  
from a tree!

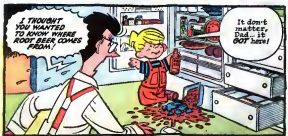
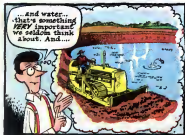


Even your **CLOTHES** come from the soil... they come from **SHEEP** that eat **GRASS**. See?

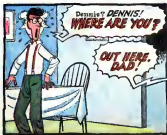
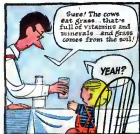


**BOY!** That's hard to b'lieve!













Yes, **EVERY DAY** enough soil to make a 40 acre farm will wash down the rivers and into the ocean!

How ABOUT THAT!





**LOOK, DENNIS!**  
All I'm trying to  
tell you is that we  
must **ALL** think  
about **SAVING**  
**THE SOIL!**

we should  
save dirt?



Well... yes.  
That's about it.

Why didn't ya  
just **SAY** so?



I've **BEEN** telling  
you! The soil gives  
us our food, our  
clothing, our houses,  
and we have to  
**SAVE** it!

**BOY!**  
It sure  
took you  
a long  
time!



You mean you  
understand  
about saving  
the soil?

**SURE!**  
Nothing  
to it!



I can't believe it!  
Dennis understanding  
the value of soil!

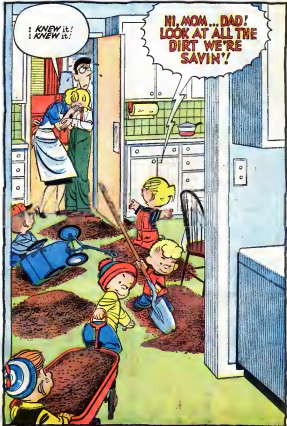


Hmm!  
I wonder...  
Oh, well!

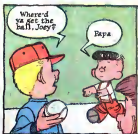


I *KNEW* it!  
I *KNEW* it!

HI, MOM... DAD!  
LOOK AT ALL THE  
DIRT WE'RE  
SAVIN'!



# JOEY







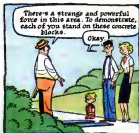


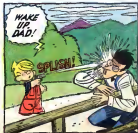




# THE WRONG SLANT



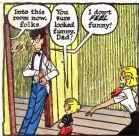














END

# REVERSED OPINION

**J**OE MATSON smelled salt in the air that rushed in the car windows. He stood up, looking eagerly through the windshield for a glimpse of the beach.

"Sit down, Joe!" his father barked. "You know the rule!"

Joe sank down beside his father, and his heart sank too. He had been hoping he and his Dad would have fun together today, just as they used to before his father joined the Highway Patrol. But, glancing at the square-jawed, intent face beside him, Joe knew that his father had changed. Two years of chasing speeders, of seeing broken bodies in wrecked automobiles, had turned him grim and hard.

As if sensing Joe's feeling, his father said more gently: "I've told you a dozen times why you must sit down, son. If I'd had to slam on the brakes suddenly while

you were standing there, you'd have gone right through the windshield."

"I know, Dad," Joe muttered. He didn't care now if they went to the beach or not. Moodyly, he looked in the mirror sticking out beside his door, idly watching the cars behind.

Then his eyes widened. He saw a man step from the sidewalk just as a little red sport car came snarling up, passing traffic on the right hand side. There was a scream of brakes, a blur of red, and the car whipped around the corner, leaving the pedestrian lying in the street.

Mr. Matson's eyes leaped to the rear view mirror, and he slammed on the brakes. Joe was glad he hadn't been standing up — as it was, he slid to the floor under the dashboard. The gears grated, and as Joe got up he saw that they were backing up — fast — with the horn blaring. In the excitement, he forgot all about his resentment.

"I saw it, Dad! I saw it! One of those English sport cars hit the guy — a red one. And the driver had a fancy orange cap on. He whipped around the corner and took off!"

"We'll get him!" his father snapped. Now at the intersection, he called out to the gathering crowd: "Don't touch that man! Call an ambulance and leave him alone!" Again the gears rasped, and they were careening around the corner the sport car had taken.

Ahead, they saw a red streak flash around another corner, and their sedan leaped forward, horn blaring. Down the side street they raced, and finally passed the speeding sport car, nosing it over to the curb and to a halt.

"Okay, wise guy, you beat a sport car,"



the driver sneered. "Now get going and tell your friends all about it!"

Mr. Matson got out and grimly eyed the man, a paunchy figure topped by a ridiculous orange cap. Then he walked around the front of the little car. "How did you get this dent in your fender?" he demanded.

"Say, what is this?" the other blustered. "I'm gonna call a cop!"

"Mister, you've got yourself one," Mr. Matson told him, showing his badge. "Now answer my question!"

"I — I don't remember," the man faltered.

"Don't give me that! You sport car fans would notice a fly's footprints on your cars. You know how you got it — by hitting that man at the corner of Third and Parker just two minutes ago! My boy here saw you!"

"You — you're wrong, Dad," Joe stammered. "This car is an American car. The one I saw was an English car!"

"There you are, officer!" the man said eagerly.

Mr. Matson's jaw set. "There we are, nothing! How can a boy tell the nationality of a car whipping around a corner? He saw a red sport car, and the driver had a funny orange cap, and you're it, Mister! Now, follow me to headquarters!"

As they drove along, Mr. Matson glanced frequently into his rear view mirror to be sure the sport car was following. But Joe couldn't bear to look in his mirror. He couldn't look at the man his father had arrested. He was sure his father was wrong, but he didn't know how he knew. It had struck him at the time that an English car had hit the pedestrian, but now he couldn't remember why he thought that.

At Headquarters, he sat in the waiting room as his father brooded the still-protesting driver toward an interrogation room. The minutes passed, and Joe desperately tried to think why he knew it was an English car he had seen. He was sure an innocent man would have to pay a heavy fine, maybe go to jail, unless he could remember.

His father came out of the interrogation room, wiping his face, and strode to a telephone.

"Hello — T and E? Any eyewitnesses yet on that 602 at Third and Parker? . . . No, eh? . . . Well, we've got one, at least — my boy."

"But, Dad?" Joe protested. "I'm not sure I thought it was an English car. I don't know why, now, but at the time . . ."

"At the time you just saw it whiz around the corner," his father told him. "Look, you saw a red sport car hit this man and cut around the corner. The driver had an orange cap on. We pick him up speeding away from the scene. Now, would there be



two red sport cars, with two men wearing orange caps, right there? He still can't — or won't — say how or when his fender got dented, and I can see guilt written all over him. Now, does it all add up?"

Joe couldn't face his father's stern, intent gaze. "I — I guess so," he answered. But doubt nagged within him. All his father wanted, he thought, was to convict somebody, regardless of whom it was. He had become harsh and bitter in his determination to punish traffic violators, so much so that he wouldn't let his own son stand in his way.

The phone rang, and Mr. Matson scooped it up. "Matson here . . . What? You have? . . . Great!" Hanging up, he turned to Joe.

"A woman across the street from the accident saw it from her window — she jotted down the license number, and it's our man's! We've got him for sure now!"

Joe was stunned. How could he have been mistaken? His Dad had been right all along, and he had been trying to let a guilty man go free!

"Gee, Dad, I'm glad! I don't know why I thought it was an English car, but . . ." Then it hit him!

"Yes, I do! Dad, I was looking in the mirror when I saw the accident. It looked to me like the steering wheel of the car was on the right side, like the English cars have, but I forgot that mirrors reverse things! The steering wheel was really on the left side, like our cars!"

Mr. Matson grinned. "So I guess you reverse your opinion, eh? Anyway we got him. Look, the Captain thinks I've been working too hard — taking things too seriously. How's about us renting a cabin in the mountains and going fishing for a week?"

"Gee, that'll be swell!" Joe said. And he knew it would. That mirror had reversed a lot of things in his mind — for good!

# The LAST STRAW



(STRAW HAT, THAT IS)



Hi, son!

Hi what's in the bag?



It's just my hat.

Why are ya carrying it in a bag?



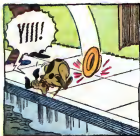
Haven't you noticed? I've got a new skimmer!



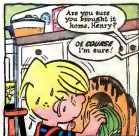
What are ya *MEANIN'* it for? Let's see ya *SKIM* it!

Hum!











# Dennis THE MENACE



"JUST YOUR NAME? AREN'T YA GIANNI DO AMI PASTORINI?"



"SURE A LOT OF FOOD FOR TWO PEOPLE."



"ALL YA BAY IS TWENTY-FIVE CENTS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WITH ME SACCEL THE SACCEL."



"BRING ON THE HOTDOGS! I GOT ALL THE CHARCOAL IN THE BARBYCUE!"

# DENNIS *The* MENACE

"DOWN WITH  
TELEVISION!"

